





## The Horse.

### AMERICAN TROTTERS IN FRANCE.

How the Parisians Manage Trotting Races, and an American Stallion Carries off the Honors.

A Paris correspondent of the New York Spirit of the Times gives an interesting description of a trotting race recently held at Vincennes, near Paris, and we copy it to show how the French arrange such affairs:

The last trotting meeting of the season took place at Vincennes, on Monday, November 19. It consisted of five races, only one of which was to harness.

The meeting and the season closed both very appropriately with the Grand Handicap de Cloture, International; distance handicap, in harness; 2500 m., for all horses, mares and geldings from all countries, three years old and over, to a two or four wheel vehicle, having trotted at least three races in France in public, the summary of which has been published in the Bulletin Officiel, 15000, and entrance to first, 7000; to second, 5000; to third, 4000; to fourth, 3000; to fifth, 2000; to sixth, 1000; to seventh, 500; to eighth, 250; to ninth, 125; to tenth, 62.5.

It was almost dark when the race was trotted. Milton had 4,000 meters to trot, and he was the only one of the lot having that distance to go, a touching tribute to his American origin. Another American, Fred Thomas, had fifty meters less to cover. America held both ends this time, for Fred came in last; not that he is not a good horse, but that his manager is a nincompoop and his driver a zero. Between the two came in the East, French, Russian, mongrels and unknown, all having less distance to cover. Off goes Milton, driven by Dickerman, at a good clip, and, after a mile, begins passing successively the several handicappers, starting last. After a mile and a quarter he stood seventh among seventeen competitors, and as steadily as a clock, Fred Thomas nowhere, Bagatelle on a break (it was her second race that day). Coming up the hill at the last half mile, Milton stood third, having before him Faveur and Energique.

After the turn on the homestretch he put on the required steam and furnished a splendid finish, easily shaking them both off, never breaking once, which is remarkable on his part; he was evidently on his best behavior, so much so that any level-headed American could have driven him to victory that day. He has certainly improved in steadiness in the hands of Charles Dickerman, and Mr. E. A. Terry, his owner, may well be proud of both his horse and his driver. And thus the Great Closing Handicap of the season was easily won by the least speedy of the noble trio this gentleman brought over from the United States of America to France, to wit: Milton Wilkes, Misty Morning and Milton. Here is the summary:

Milton, b. s. (American), by Smuggler-Lizzie, finished 4000 meters in 6:39.4 (rate of 2.40 per mile). Faveur, b. s. (French), by Normand-Pere, finished 3775 meters in 6:45.4 (rate of 2.45 per mile). Energique, b. g. (French), by Reynolds, finished 3525 meters in 6:45.4 (rate of 2.47 per mile). Bedouin III, b. s. (Russian), bred in France, finished 3250 meters in 6:45.4 (rate of 2.47 per mile). Unplaced—Hardie, Large, Verdelle, Coco, Waga, Boom, Arizona, Mystery, Bagatelle, De Meo, Monique, Monique, Varet and Fred Thomas.

### CHRISTMAS IN CALIFORNIA.

I am afraid that most of our MICHIGAN FARMER readers do not have the opportunity of often visiting or hearing from this part of our country, so I thought perhaps what others see and hear would be interesting and perhaps welcome. I had the pleasure a few weeks ago to see some remarkable time made in races down at Los Angeles. Bell Boy, once owned in Michigan, made a mark of 2:29 as a three-year-old, and Juna, that wonderful filly, went a mile in 2:20. She is the same age and is able to go three or four seconds faster if necessary. Lena Wilkes, whose dam by the way is strictly thoroughbred, won her race and made a mark as a five-year-old of 2:29.4. Allaczar, a five-year-old stallion, got a mark of 2:29.4. Mr. Rose, his owner, showed Stamboul 2:15, and he says he has got ten yearlings that can beat 2:50, one of them, Murtha, was hooked up and went a mile in 2:42.4. I had the pleasure of seeing the three fastest four-year-olds in the world, Adonis, Yolo Maid and Almost Patchen. They have all got marks better than 2:15, made last season. Across the way from where I am penning these lines can be found in a pasture St. Julian, 2:15.5. Arab occupies his stall in his absence. Arab is known as the fastest horse owned on this coast. If you wish to visit Oakland you can have the pleasure of inspecting Antio 2:16.5, Antiole 2:19.4, and that game race horse Gus Wilkes, the king bee of the 2:35 class.

I paid a visit to Palo Alto, the home of Electioneer and Piedmont. I saw a rather amusing incident while there. Gov. Stanford was showing some gentlemen from Wisconsin his stock; they were standing in front of one of the stalls when a young man led out a rather inferior looking animal. They were about to pass on, not thinking it worth while to spend time looking at that kind of stock, when someone made the remark that this was a filly with a two-year-old mark of 2:18, the fastest mare of her age ever produced, "Sunol" by name. Well, our Wisconsin friends very quickly got over their hurry, and thought that perhaps after a little inspection that "the colt" did not appear so very inferior after all. After a while one of them plucked up courage enough to ask the governor his price on that animal. To this he replied, "Well, gentlemen, that is something of a conundrum, as I have had to refuse an offer of \$10,000 for her several months ago." The governor has at present over 150 horses in training here, and they can show you speed all the way from three minutes up to 2:16.

California's climate equals, if it does not excel, her remarkable horses. They are well supplied with parks and splendid drives to induce the rearing of good animals. I was present at the opening of the children's quarters at Golden Gate Park last Sunday. There were something like ten or twelve thousand children present to enjoy the exercises.

The late Senator Sharon on his death bed bequeathed \$50,000 to be expended for the use of the children of this city. The commissioners of Golden Gate Park, after

much discussion, hit on the scheme of building a house and grounds that could be used exclusively by children; to build a structure where they could all have free entrance, partake of refreshments at a small cost, and lay out grounds attractive to the young, where they could play their games free of charge. As a result these quarters were designed and completed at a cost of \$36,000. The grounds, as laid out, are calculated to give every opportunity to practice almost any game they please, and indulge in any pleasure or pastime that they wish. There are base ball, lawn tennis, rowing, velocipedes, spring boards, goat carts, donkeys, and to complete all, a merry-go-round that cost \$7,000. The building proper is built of sandstone, iron and glass, and is a structure of great architectural beauty. It is oval in shape, easy of access, and has a splendid appearance throughout. Here at Christmas time, in the loveliest spot in favored California, with the merry sound of children's voices in our ears, surrounded by green lawns and beautiful verdure, what a contrast is presented to your parks in eastern cities. There the trees, stripped of their leafy ornaments, stand quivering in the icy breeze, the flowers are dead, the young trees are wrapped in straw overcoats, and the ground covered with snow. [Not this year.—Ed.]

Here where the view from hill and valley is so exquisite, where even in bleak December you can see young trees and delicate flowers in bloom, we can hear the glad shouts of these children and see the red flash of health upon their cheeks, as they mingle amid these lovely surroundings. It seems to me nature has showered her fairest gifts here, and co-operated with art to produce the most glorious panorama that fancy could paint or mind devise. Who of us, no matter how seared by life's toils, but is rejuvenated at the joy of children at Christmas time, and lives over again in their happiness the years that have gone never again to return? The man or woman who cannot share the glee of innocent childhood has lost the sentiment that was dealt out by Delity to smooth life's hard struggles. It seems to me that future history will picture the outlines of these buildings and grounds, which will remain, as long as one stone lies above the other, a perpetual monument to the generosity of Mr. Wm. A. Sharon.

CHAS. LEWIS.  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Dec. 26, 1888.

### Horse Gossip.

A. G. WILKINSON, of Birmingham, this State, has purchased the stallion Daneford, by All Right 5817, a son of Abdallah 16.

For the Kentucky Derby of 1889 there are 91 nominations, and of these 61 have performed as two-year-olds. Proctor Knott is the favorite.

G. N. HATCH, of Horton, has sold to J. C. Deyo, of Jackson, the bay colt Wade Hunt, three years old, by Hambletonian Gift, dam by Tom Hunter.

BAILEY & STORMS, of Plainwell, have sold to Illinois parties, for \$1,800, the chestnut filly Lady Ida. She has a three-year-old record of 2:34.4.

L. C. WEBB, of Mason, this State, has purchased the weanling bay filly Vireon, by Viking 2194, by Belmont, dam Lady Goldsmith, by Volunteer.

H. C. FRANCE, of Kentucky, has bought the stallion Sentinel Wilkes 2499, six years old, for \$25,000. He was by George Wilkes 519, dam Salmette, by Sentinel 250.

EXPERIOR OF NORFOLK, it is said, cannot stand training again. His rivals will feel relieved when this is known to be a fact, as he was undoubtedly the greatest horse of his age on the turf.

The great American Stakes for two-year-olds, to be run at the Brooklyn spring meeting with its guaranteed worth of \$30,000, to the winner, is the most valuable spring event for two-year-olds ever run. There are 124 nominations.

Gov. STANFORD sold on Friday last, to Miller & Sibley, of Franklin, Pa., a weanling colt, by Electioneer, out of Beautiful Bella, for \$12,500. This is said to be the highest price ever paid for a weanling colt in America. This colt is a full brother to Bell Boy and St. Bel.

The famous geldings Spofford, by Kentucky Prince, and Gov. Hill, by Star Remond, have been sold to South American parties. The price paid for Gov. Hill was \$10,000, but the amount paid for Spofford was not made public. These horses have been driven as a double team. Spofford won the \$10,000 purse at Hartford last fall, and undoubtedly cost the purchasers more than Gov. Hill.

WEBSTER & SMITH, of Grand River Stock Farm, Iowa, this State, have sold to Judge Green, of Cadillac, the following trotting colts: Louis Doe, bay colt, foaled 1887, by Montgomery, 2:21.4, dam Maggie Malcolm, by Wm. M. Rysdyk; Madame M., cream filly, foaled 1887, by Montgomery, dam by Louis Napoleon; and Richard W., bay colt, foaled 1887, by Montgomery, dam by Louis Napoleon.

In the matter of the three-year-old stake race at Central Michigan fair, decided by the Board of Appeals of the American Trotting Association at its late meeting in this city, the Central Michigan Board have directed their secretary to return the stakes to the parties paying them in. While, under the rules, this money without doubt reverted to the Society, this action of the Board seems, under the circumstances, to be fair and equitable.

W. N. HARRINGTON, of Okemos, this State, has purchased from Dewey & Stewart, of Owosso, the colt Col. Hook 7611. He was foaled June 15, 1887, is a dark bay in color, with small star. Sire, Louis Napoleon 207; dam, Lady Hook, by Cyclone 1936; 2d dam, Mambrino Jeany, by Mambrino Patchen 38; 3d dam, Rosine, by Alexander's Abdallah; 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th dams thoroughbreds. This is a good trotting pedigree with a strong foundation.

Sims Bros., who, together with their driver, Frank Van Ness, were expelled from the American Trotting Association at the recent meeting for crooked work, have petitioned for a rehearing of their case, which will be considered by the Board of Appeals next May. And now will be seen whether "influence" can change the decision of the Association. If it was only a common every day horseman, the chances of reinstatement

would be slim. How will it be with this wealthy firm, who own some of the best trotters on the track? Here is where the moral courage and consistency of the Association will be brought to a test.

A NUMBER of parties interested in horses met at Chicago last week, and perfected an organization for the purpose of holding an annual horse show in that city. The association, while declaring it did not wish to antagonize the Fat Stock Show, yet decided to hold its shows apart from it, thus detracting largely from its interest. The parties who met constitute a Board of Directors appointed at a previous meeting. The Board consists of the following parties: W. B. Keep, E. C. Lewis, Columbus R. Cummings, Potter Palmer, Charles Schwartz, George L. Dunlap, John T. Lester, S. H. Sweet, J. Harley Bradley, John Dupee, Paul Morton, E. L. Brewster, R. Hall McCormick, and F. S. Gordon. C. R. Cummings was elected president, E. L. Brewster, treasurer, and E. C. Lewis secretary. The organization is a stock company. It is probable the Illinois State Board will continue to offer premiums to horses at their fat stock show just the same, however, and that they will have plenty of exhibitors to compete for them.

## The Farm.

### Land Drainage.

There are a few points in regard to land drainage which are important considerations. To insure drains against stoppage by sand or mud, we must give them as much fall as possible, and a continuous fall, which will wash the sediment through as long as the outlet is kept open so that the flow is free. In order to do this it is important to get all the fall which the lay of the land admits, even if the main drain can be carried four or five feet deep it will be all the better, provided the outlet can be always kept above water; when the outlet of the drain becomes obstructed by back water or other obstructions, the diminished flow allows mud and sand to settle in the drains, if any has chance to enter.

To prevent the entering of mud and sand into the drains they should be laid with as close joints as possible, and these joints are to be covered with any material that may be at hand, such as tan bark or fine gravel, which will prevent the infiltration of mud. Tiles are better than stones, for the reason that they offer fewer large crevices into which water can flow rapidly, carrying mud into the drains with it, and drains have to be laid through quicksand, we have found a board drain better than tiles, for it keeps the sand out, and when it changes to get in it washes out more freely than from any other drain we have used.

Stones make a good drain only in places where the earth is hard and the fall rapid; they can not be depended upon where the bottom is either peat or sand.

There are often places where low land is to be drained, in which we have to take care of the water which flows over the surface, in time of rain from higher lands. The only safe way to dispose of this surface water, which always carries a good deal of mud, is to dig a catch basin in a convenient place two feet deeper than the drains, and large enough to gather any probable accumulation of mud for six months, from this catch basin a drain must be laid to the outlet large enough to carry all the water in big rains.

A similar arrangement will sometimes need to be made where strong springs occur, as they often do, near the edge of the low land.

It is by no means an easy matter to dig a ditch so as to give it uniform grade. Where the bottom is hard and stony the men will leave a lump, and where it is soft they will dig deeper than is needed. The best thing to show these inequalities is a little water in the bottom of the ditch. But if it should be a dry time and no water flowing in the ditch it is a very easy matter to take a piece of straight pine board four inches wide and ten feet long and fasten a common builder's level to one side of it so that it will show any unevenness of grade in the bottom of the drain. This is a matter of great importance where there is only slight fall for the water, as any pocket in the drain below the true grade is sure to fill up with mud and stop the flow of water.

We believe when farmers more generally understand the great advantages that drained lands offer, and the moderate amount of expense required to drain them, that they will do more of this kind of work. There is no land that can be depended upon so surely for a big crop of hay in a dry season as a drained sward or bog. Drained land is also excellent for cabbage, onions, celery and horse radish; for currants, strawberries and raspberries (if thoroughly drained), in fact for nearly all the best products of our climate. The expense of drainage will of course vary very much with various locations and circumstances, but will range from fifty to seventy-five dollars per acre for good substantial work that will endure a lifetime.—Mass. Ploughman.

—[Germantown Telegraph.]

Our Sweet Corn and How We Manage It.

There is no product of the field or garden eaten with a greater relish during its season than sweet corn, and yet its season with probably the majority of the people is very short for the reason that they make but a single planting of but a single variety. By growing different varieties and making successive plantings the table can easily be kept supplied with this delicious and nutritious article of food for an average of two months each summer. This year we had our first supply for the table in the last week in July and are still using it in the first week in October, our present supply coming from a late planting which was cut up a week ago to save it from a threatened frost. Our first planting was made the first week in May, at which time we planted the following varieties, viz: Early Pedigree, Early Minnesota, Black Mexican and the Evergreen. We planted each variety across a certain number of rows in the field instead of lengthwise, so as to bring each kind in a compact body. As fodder for silking the cow was as much an object as corn for the table, we planted about twice as thick as ordinary field corn, and yet with this close planting there was

a good development of ears. It is not claimed that the varieties named are superior to many other well known kinds, but they furnished a good succession for the table and for fodder. Afterward there were three additional plantings of the Evergreen at intervals of about ten days each. This, as already said, has given a constant supply for the table and fresh fodder for the cow for six months.

Our last planting of Evergreen this year was made in the rows and between the hills of the Early Pedigree, which was cut as soon as the Early Minnesota came in season so as to give the entire space to the Evergreen. This plan worked well, giving a second crop from the same ground. Hereafter we shall pursue this plan, but plant the early variety rather thinly so as to give the late planting more space before the early is got rid of and also ensure earlier maturity to both the early and late variety by giving them more space for air and sunshine. We are each year more and more favorably impressed with the Black Mexican. It is one of the sweetest varieties for the table, makes a medium sized stalk with a large amount of foliage, and gives a better development of ears with close planting than any other variety we have grown. This makes it very valuable for an early sowing crop, for it will be in its prime for feeding when the later and larger varieties are as yet so immature as to have little feeding value. Our experience in canning sweet corn for winter use has not been encouraging, and of late years we have given up all attempts in this direction, preferring to buy of the standard brands with which the market is always well supplied.—Farmer's Review.

### Cobs in the Ration.

Professor E. M. Shelton's general experience in feeding corn and cob meal—including careful experiments with steers and pigs during two winters at the Kansas Agricultural College barn—appears to him conclusive as to the superior value of this combination. He sums up as follows in "The Industrialist":

"Our cattle always consume corn-and-cob meal greedily, and even when the grinding is moderately well done, consume it to the last particle given them; and when changing them from corn meal to corn-and-cob meal, we have never found it necessary to increase the grain ration, although eighteen percent of corn-and-cob meal is cob. In other words, a pound of corn-and-cob meal goes just as far as a pound of ground corn. Just now the grain ration for the entire college herd is corn-and-cob meal. The only question with us as to the profitability of feeding this meal grows out of the fact that the whole acre requires more power to reduce it than is required by shelled corn, while in the latter case the cobs, used as fuel, are rather more than sufficient to grind the corn."

Dry Ensilage Not Satisfactory.

Several instances have been reported by farmers where dried corn fodder had been run through the feed cutter and placed in the silos with satisfactory results. An experiment of this kind was tried at the Wisconsin station, large Southern fodder corn that had dried in the shock before being cut was found to be much better than pack closely in the silo, though it heated up to as high a temperature as any of the others. It did not keep in satisfactory manner, white patches of mold being common through it. Carefully selecting such portions as were free from mold, it was fed against fodder of the same variety shown in the barn. The results showed no gain over using the dry fodder, the milk and butter production running quite uniform from the two lots. While believing that a portion of the water in rank, green fodder can be removed from it by wilting and even partially drying in some cases, it would seem that to use dry fodder for making ensilage will hardly prove satisfactory. Cows have a great liking for moist food, which seems to favor a generous milk flow. By allowing fodder to become quite dry we can avoid handling much water, but we shall defeat the purpose for which ensilage is made.—[N. E. Homestead.]

### Japanese Buckwheat.

This new grain which has been subjected to the test of trial is perhaps coming more nearly to the recommendations of it than is ordinarily the case. We did not see the grain while growing, but from stalks that were shown us of the seeded grain, we are compelled to say it is very promising, being a very large berry. What the proportion of husk will be to flour or how the flour production of this variety will compare with the old varieties remains to be seen. The variety of soil in the introduction of the change may account for some increase in the size of the berry, but we should not expect to find so marked an improvement as is manifest. We have had reported to us the yield of fifteen bushels from one peck of seed, and have given mention of corresponding large and even larger yields from this variety. If this is its natural production, it is sure to drive the old varieties out of use if its other qualities are fully equal to those of the old sorts. But in cases of this kind it is sometimes safe to "make haste slowly."

—[Germantown Telegraph.]

### Agricultural Items.

MAIZE farms raise about 1,500,000 tons of hay, valued at \$15,000,000, every year.

The Germantown Telegraph says that in six months from the time wheat is threshed it will shrink two quarts to the bushel.

These experiments with prickly pears at the New York Experiment Station have been continued during a period of two years. It yields a crop of three or four cuttings per year, is useful for silage, but not suitable for hay. It is not well adapted for the general farmer.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Orange County Farmer says he raised a crop of 60 bushels of potatoes and 80 bushels of turnips on half an acre of land this season.

He sowed the turnip seed among the potatoes after the second hoeing, and estimates the cost of raising the 80 bushels at the labor of a day and a half in pulling and storing, and says his calves and cows relish a small daily feed of them very much.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Germantown Telegraph says: "As an experiment I once kept a cow from November till the next

March on husks from corn that ripened before it was cut up. The tops had been cut off when green. That cow gave quite near the same quantity of milk all winter that she did when put on that. She had a calf in April. She had no hay, grain or vegetables.

N. S. SHEPHERD, in the Indiana Farmer, says: "Grinding the corn and cob together and then adding ground oats, or grinding all together, often adding a small quantity of wheat bran will, if the right quantity is given, make a feed that will keep over an old horse or cow in a good condition all winter, provided, of course, that a good shelter is provided so that the stock will not suffer from the cold."

An Indiana breeder who has just sold out a herd of high grade Shortorns, gives his reason for selling out and starting afresh with registered animals thus tersely: "None of them were eligible to registry, and I found this a fatal defect in the way of selling animals for breeding purposes. While my cattle were good individuals, equal I think if not superior for feeding or marketing purposes to many registered cattle that I have noticed, buyers objected to them, as breeders, because they were not pedigreed, and I was often obliged to sell calves at from \$30 to \$35, that would have sold as easily for double that amount if I could have given them a good straight pedigree and guaranteed them eligible to registry." An argument that appeals to a man's pocket-book is quite certain to be convincing.

## The Poultry Yard.

### Cooking Food.

How to feed well and at the same time economically is often the question with people who must make their fowls pay in dollars and dimes as well as in pleasure and recreation. And even the wealthy fowl owners are not averse to having their fowls pay for their food and care, even if they are not expected to pay for their expensive houses and fancy runs. With persons living east of the Rocky Mountains, corn must always continue to be the cheapest food, but it has been objectionable as a constant food on account of its fattening properties. We believe, by cooking the corn whole until quite soft and swollen to the fullest extent, that a flock of hens may be kept in good laying condition when fed corn almost exclusively. We have been experimenting with corn boiled very soft, roasted and parched until well baked through and a very little fed in its natural state, and find our hens laying splendidly upon it. They have been fed as much as they cared to eat, were running upon a good grass run, and fed no other kind of dry or green food. This food, we may say, is very cheap, costing fifty cents per bushel, and it kept the hens in finer condition and at a less cost than anything else that we could feed.

Corn, oats and wheat are increased almost double size by cooking, and as a natural result the hens will not get fat because they get only half as much solid matter when cooked as when fed dry grain. They relish it greatly. All soft foods and vegetables make better food for fowls if cooked or scalded well. If a large kettle and plenty of water and fuel are accessible it is very little trouble cooking the fowls of several hundred hens. If only a small flock is kept, enough food can be cooked in a small dish or pan to do them a day. Cooked food should not be kept until sour or stale, but should be fed while sweet and wholesome. We are satisfied that a saving of nearly one-half can be effected by the proper use of water, steam and fire.—American Poultry Yard.

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AGENTS WANTED  
For the sale of the following goods: S. A. BACON, Grand Rapids, O.

POULTRY Waterers, Non-freezing—Small, Large, Medium, \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00, \$9.00, \$10.00, \$11.00, \$12.00, \$13.00, \$14.00, \$15.00, \$16.00, \$17.00, \$18.00, \$19.00, \$20.00, \$21.00, \$22.00, \$23.00, \$24.00, \$25.00, \$26.00, \$27.00, \$28.00, \$29.00, \$30.00, \$31.00, \$32.00, \$33.00, \$34.00, \$35.00, \$36.00, \$37.00, \$38.00, \$39.00, \$40.00, \$41.00, \$42.00, \$43.00, \$44.00, \$45.00, \$46.00, \$47.00, \$48.00, \$49.00, \$50.00, \$51.00, \$52.00, \$53.00, \$54.00, \$55.00, \$56.00, \$57.00, \$58.00, \$59.00, \$60.00, \$61.00, \$62.00, \$63.00, \$64.00, \$65.00, \$66.00, \$67.00, \$68.00, \$69.00, \$70.00, \$71.00, \$72.00, \$73.00, \$74.00, \$75.00, \$76.00, \$77.00, \$78.00, \$79.00, \$80.00, \$81.00, \$82.00, \$83.00, \$84.00, \$85.00, \$86.00, \$87.00, \$88.00, \$89.00, \$90.00, \$91.00, \$92.00, \$93.00, \$94.00, \$95.00, \$96.00, \$97.00, \$98.00, \$99.00, \$100.00, \$101.00, \$102.00, \$103.00, \$104.00, \$105.00, \$106.00, \$107.00, \$108.00, \$109.00, \$110.00, \$111.00, \$112.00, \$113.00, \$114.00, \$115.00, \$116.00, \$117.00, \$118.00, \$119.00, \$120.00, \$121.00, \$122.00, \$123.00, \$124.00, \$125.00, \$126.00, \$127.00, \$128.00, \$129.00, \$130.00, \$131.00, \$132.00, \$133.00, \$134.00, \$135.00, \$136.00, \$137.00, \$138.00, \$139.00, \$140.00, \$141.00, \$142.00, \$143.00, \$144.00, \$145.00, \$146.00, \$147.00, \$148.00, \$149.00, \$150.00, \$151.00, \$152.00, \$153.00, \$154.00, \$155.00, \$156.00, \$157.00, \$158.00, \$159.00, \$160.00, \$161.00, \$162.00, \$163.00, \$164.00, \$165.00, \$166.00, \$167.00, \$168.00, \$169.00, \$170.00, \$171.00, \$172.00, \$173.00, \$174.00, \$175.00, \$176.00, \$177.00, \$178.00, \$179.00, \$180.00, \$181.00, \$182.00, \$183.00, \$184.00, \$185.00, \$186.00, \$187.00, \$188.00, \$189.00, \$190.00, \$191.00, \$192.00, \$193.00, \$194.00, \$195.00, \$196.00, \$197.00, \$198.00, \$199.00, \$200.00, \$201.00, \$202.00, \$203.00, \$204.00, \$205.00, \$206.00, \$207.00, \$208.00, \$209.00, \$210.00, \$211.00, \$212.00, \$213.00, \$214.00, \$215.00, \$216.00, \$217.00, \$218.00, \$219.00, \$220.00, \$221.00, \$222.00, \$223.00, \$224.00, \$225.00, \$226.00, \$227.00, \$228.00, \$229.00, \$230.00, \$231.00, \$232.00, \$233.00, \$234.00, \$235.00, \$236.00, \$237.00, \$238.00, \$239.00, \$240.00, \$241.00, \$242.00, \$243.00, \$244.00, \$245.00, \$246.00, \$247.00, \$248.00, \$249.00, \$250.00, \$251.00, \$252.00, \$253.00, \$254.00, \$255.00, \$256.00, \$257.00, \$258.00, \$259.00, \$260.00, \$261.00, \$262.00, \$263.00, \$264.00, \$265.00, \$266.00, \$267.00, \$268.00, \$269.00, \$270.00, \$271.00, \$272.00, \$273.00, \$274.00, \$275.00, \$276.00, \$277.00, \$278.00, \$279.00, \$280.00, \$281.00, \$282.00, \$283.00, \$284.00, \$285.00, \$286.00, \$287.00, \$288.00, \$289.00, \$290.00, \$291.00, \$292.00, \$293.00, \$294.00, \$295.00, \$296.00, \$297.00, \$298.00, \$299.00, \$300.00, \$301.00, \$302.00, \$303.00, \$304.00, \$305.00, \$306.00, \$307.00, \$308.00, \$309.00, \$310.00, \$311.00, \$312.00, \$



Horticultural.

THE WEST MICHIGAN FRUIT-GROWERS.

The winter meeting of this Society was held at Fennville beginning with the evening of Dec. 15th. No meeting of the Society has ever opened under more favorable auspices. The attendance was all that the most enthusiastic could desire. The address of welcome by J. W. McCormick, the Senator elect for the counties of Allegan and Van Buren, was short and to the point, and the response by Mrs. N. H. Bangs, of Paw Paw, was a worthy rejoinder that captivated the audience. President Phillips' address gave voice to the growing needs of Society, and his recommendations were generally considered as necessary and timely.

The reports of the past season's fruit crop were to the effect that on account of the dry weather some of the fruits ripened prematurely, and were thus of small value, and brought corresponding low prices, while those that made good crops brought no large amount of money on account of the frequent gluts in the market. On the whole, the season has been a fairly remunerative one. It has at least taught fruit-growers many lessons that they are not slow to recognize, and to make early attempts at correcting errors in marketing and management.

The committee of business men of the town, to whom was assigned the duty of caring for the representatives from abroad, did nobly, and won many praises from those who were the recipients of their favors. The morning session of Wednesday began by the announcement of committees, etc. The first paper on the programme was one on "The Roots of Trees and Plants," by A. C. Glidden. It is not necessary to give any synopsis of the papers mentioned now or hereafter in this report, as they will appear from time to time in the Horticultural department of the FARMER. The discussion following this paper mentioned, gave the writer no time to take notes of the discussion, as hot shot came too thick for any thing except defensive warfare. The statement was made in the paper that saving the fibrous roots on young trees was a fallacy, as their office in their growth had been subverted to bring the tree to its present state and stature. New fiber springing from the primary roots was the main reliance for future growth. The old fibers could not take on the duties which were formerly assigned to them, and as they must die in any event, their presence was superfluous and unnecessary. This idea was an innovation upon established methods, and half a dozen or more men were on their feet to object to such unorthodox doctrine.

The discussion brought out the writer's opinion in defence, that it might be difficult perhaps to determine in the roots of a young tree or plant, which were primary and which were secondary, but that the primary root and its branches, grew by an elongation at its extremity, and that the secondary root or fiber came out from the primary at such points as presented food for the growth of the tree, and when it had performed its office as scout and purveyor for the season, it died, and was succeeded the following year by a new foraging horde, which sucked the juices from the soil, and died in turn. Only a very small part of the fibrous roots of plants or trees were preserved on such as we purchase for planting, but the crown root and its short branches retained active force, and by the last season's growth, which would come to start new fiber to begin anew the life of the tree. The discussion led to deeper water than the momentary thought could ford, and so the writer had the satisfaction of saying the last word and of winning a few converts to his doctrines.

"SUCCESSFUL PEACH GROWING."

S. G. Sheffer, of South Haven, was given this topic by the Secretary. He repeated, in mitigation of his "twice told tale," the saying of Napoleon after the battle of Borodino: "They would have it so," and proceeded to give us the standard practice, which the paper itself will present in a future number.

In order to give our fruit-growers a wider experience in fruit growing, the President called upon Mr. Goodrich, of Cobden, Ill., who was present as a visiting member from the Illinois State Horticultural Society. Mr. Goodrich said that he, and his fellow fruit-growers down in Egypt, had a very exalted idea of the capacity of Western Michigan for growing peaches. They never had 14 consecutive crops of peaches yet and did not expect to. If they got three crops in four years they thought themselves fortunate. They had thought to petition the Legislature to move Lake Michigan farther south, or to remove themselves to this locality. They could not raise good peaches in Southern Illinois unless they proceeded to bag them every day as surely as the sun rises. They cultivate as thoroughly as possible, and sow rye and cow peas in the orchard in the off year, to fertilize the soil. They sometimes have frost in spring suffering to destroy the young fruit. The buds never survive 15° below, and are frequently killed at 8°. They begin before the tree is leaved out to trap the curculio by the Ransom process—that of laying cobs or rough boards on the ground under the trees, and pick off the bugs that harbor there. Every grower manages the selling for himself, but avails himself of Granger plan of shipping (this will be explained hereafter). The fruit brings about \$1.00 per 1/4 bu. box.

J. Lannin thought every fruit grower present knew when and where to plant and how to cultivate to bring about the best results. The trouble was in an increase of the supply beyond the demand. Every manufacturer understands this, and they attempt to regulate the output accordingly. He advised to take out one-half of all the trees you have of the least desirable and profitable kinds, cultivate the remainder better and thin more, and the solution of the difficulty would soon appear. Everything is combined to make a profit out of every venture, and if anything is left after this profit is secured J. Lannin might have it. He berated the commission man's runners. They come into the fields with a shiny hat and brass watch, with numerous seals, and begin to praise the surroundings, and work upon the vanity of the proprietor, and wind up by so-

llecting consignments. He said we fruit growers must pay for all this expense, per-fanery and all. If we could retain the middleman in Chicago and hold him honest we should be well enough off.

The discussion here branched off upon the common grievance—the robbery between the packing house and the final purchaser. R. Morrill thought the large fruit growers could combine and make the little ones come to time. We cannot get into shape until all are interested. When asked what he thought was the greatest trouble to get along with, he said: "The trouble is we don't average honest enough. The fellows who need the hearing don't come here to get it, and so keep on in their bad practice of stuffing fruit packages and other sins."

Wednesday afternoon W. A. Smith, of Benton Harbor, read a paper upon "The Trust and its Relation to Horticulture." No very general discussion followed the many good points made, and he was followed by a somewhat lengthy paper upon "Packing and Marketing Fruit," by R. Morrill, of Benton Harbor.

During the discussion following this paper Mr. Goodrich was again called out to relate how their "Granger system" came to be inaugurated. He said the express companies formerly carried all their fruit. At first they charged \$2.50 per 100 lbs. and bluffed off the fruit growers by saying they were not to be made to pay more, but they were persuaded to moderate their views, and dropped down in their charges to 23 cents, and they hear nothing now about losing money even at those figures. But the fruit growers organized themselves and demanded of the railroads equal favors with the express companies and got them. They now have an agent at the place of shipment who loads the fruit, and one in Chicago who receives it, and employs his own help to unload and deliver to the commission house wagon. The company charges \$2.50 for loading and \$5.00 for unloading. Every package is carried carefully and placed in its respective pile, no throwing or kicking about. The company pays \$30 per car for a full train, drawn by a passenger engine going on express time. This train has the preference over all trains except the passenger trains. They also have a night freight for which they formerly paid \$50 per car, then \$42, and now it is down to \$35 per car.

Mr. Goodrich saw no obstacle to the running of such a train on the West Michigan R. R. except their contract with the express company, which is understood would soon expire. Apropos of this subject, J. P. Wade read the following correspondence, which explains itself:

J. P. WADSWORTH, Fennville, Mich.  
DEAR SIR:—Replying to your favor of the 6th inst., regarding rates on peaches from Fennville to Chicago.  
I have had this matter up with our Traffic Manager and General Superintendent, and regret that I must inform you that our contract with the express company bars us from handling small fruit, peaches, etc., by fruit train. The only way we could handle your peaches is by regular freight train at regular freight rates. This train leaves Fennville too early in the day to be available and would not put your fruit on the market at a seasonable hour. If, however, you desire to take the chances of handling your fruit by this train, and will run your own risk as regards arriving in Chicago, we will furnish you the cars and let you give it a trial.  
Yours truly,  
M. W. ROSE, A. G. F. A.

Mr. Wade, determined to know their rights under the Inter-State Commerce law, addressed a letter to the Hon. T. W. Cooley, chairman of the commission, and received the following reply:

August 16, 1888.  
J. P. WADSWORTH, Fennville, Mich.  
DEAR SIR:—Replying to your letter of the 13th inst., I fear the Commission will not be able to be of service to you in the matter about which you write.  
The Supreme Court of the United States decided some time ago that it was competent for railroad companies to make with an express company a contract to give it exclusive privileges. If therefore you want to be allowed to send your fruit as express matter, I am afraid you cannot secure the right; though you undoubtedly have the right to send it as ordinary freight.  
Very truly yours,  
T. W. COOLEY.

It soon transpired that there was a second Mr. Goodrich present—a brother to the first speaker of that name, who was the receiver of the fruit by the Granger system at Chicago. On the first starting of this train there were usually eight cars drawn up to their platform, now there are often 18. He was informed by telegraph as to the number of cars on the way, and employed hands to correspond, so that when the train arrived at 5:50 A. M., two expert men were placed in each car, and often the whole train was unloaded, and the goods on the way to the commission houses in 35 minutes. The advantage is in the facility of handling the fruit, and getting it on the market early, so that the outgoing trains can take the stock ordered for inland towns. The rate from Cobden on a half bushel crate of tomatoes is seven cents by the Granger train and 12 cents by local express. He thought the rate on a basket of peaches from Fennville to Chicago at 34 cents, and if they filled the car properly might be reduced to two cents. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Goodrich stated that while the goods on his train were got out at once on arrival, that coming on regular express was frequently left in the cars until the next day. This developed a new surprise. It seems that the local express agent, getting an inkling as to what was likely to develop, had sent a dispatch to the general agent at Grand Rapids, who hastened to the meeting on the first train.

Mr. Angel, the general express manager for this road, asked the indulgence of the meeting to explain in some particulars the action of the express companies. He said the company was doing the business to make money, and not as a special favor to any of the towns along the line. He thought the employers of the company were ordinarily careful in handling the goods, and whenever complaints had reached him, he had investigated as to where the responsibility rested. He thought the trouble often was with the grower in being late at the station and the fruit must be handled hastily if at all.

Every member, who had been shipping fruit had a bad bundle of complaints, some of which had been presented at the gentleman's office at Grand Rapids, and no notice had been taken of the outrages committed. This developed quite an exciting discussion for a little time, when Mr. Angel retired, evidently unable to manage so uneven a contest. Negotiations were at once begun by

telegraph with the railroad company, to contract with them for the running of cars for the next season's crop of fruit, after the Granger plan of Southern Illinois. Before the close of the meeting an organization was perfected for this purpose, with a working force that augurs well for its success.

J. Lannin introduced a resolution endorsing the action of other public bodies in presenting the names of the Hon. J. J. Woodman for Commissioner of Agriculture, to the incoming administration.

The President wished to advertise the "Ashland Produce Co., of Wisconsin, as a snide concern whose purpose was deceit and robbery. Dornack & Co., of Des Moines, Iowa, were branded as unreliable and tricky.

An invitation from the South Haven Pomological Society to hold the summer meeting at that place was accepted.

Following are the officers for the coming year: President, Walter Phillips; Secretary, G. H. LaFleur; Treasurer, W. A. Smith; Executive Committee, J. Lannin, A. C. Glidden, Wm. Carrier, W. B. Andrus, R. Morrill.

The meeting adjourned, leaving the impression on every member that this had been one of the very best meetings ever held in the State. The treasurer's books showed over \$50 taken as membership fees during the present session—an exhibit which marks Fennville as among the first class towns in this to hold a fruit convention.

A. C. G.

Next Year's Grape Crop.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman, who writes from Erie Co., O., says of the vineyards on the north shore and islands of Lake Erie, which were so badly damaged by the last year: "One thing we are tolerably certain of for next year is this—if the winter is a severe one the grape crop will be very light. Delaware vines that lost their leaves early and failed to ripen their crop, cannot produce anything at all next year, no matter how favorable the winter may be. About the same may be said of Catawbas. Even the Ives, in the track of the hail storm, are in poor shape. Many of the hail stones were an inch and more in diameter, and coming with a high wind, they shot down through the trellis almost like minie balls, knocking off the young shoots and even the bark from the still unripened wood. Wherever the leaf was knocked off, the fruit bud for next year was killed; so that in trimming I find a great many buds thus prematurely developed, from merely over large buds to little shoots half an inch long with leaves, and all killed by the hard frost of October 10th. In some cases only the primary bud is killed, the secondary one being still alive. Perhaps one-fourth of the buds are thus destroyed. For this reason, I am leaving longer canes for bearing than I otherwise should, as I believe in trimming thoroughly back to avoid over-bearing. Some of the canes were so battered with the hail that it is doubtful if they will do well next summer."

The Why and How of Mulching.

Indiscriminate methods of applying mulch, mainly due to ignorance of reasons for its use, have placed the system somewhat under a cloud. Why mulch? Certainly not to impart warmth to the roots of vegetation, but to preserve the temperature natural to every form of plant life, and to prevent the elements from injuring the organism by sudden extremes of either heat or cold. Another disastrous effect is often experienced on account of the expansion of the soil during a hard freezing spell. At such times unprotected roots will frequently be forced from their natural position, and destruction to these delicate organs usually follows. The temperature should be preserved as even as possible without preventing free circulation of air; lack of this important requisite produces a sour, impure soil in which roots will not grow; most mulching material soon settles into a solid mass, and if permitted to remain undisturbed will create these conditions.

Light evergreen twigs are suitable for mulch, just as they are satisfactory for protecting the tops of plants. Winter mulching, of whatever kind, should be removed in the spring, to be replaced if necessary with fresh material. Long straw manure is one of the most suitable substances we can employ, as in addition to the protection afforded, it deposits plant-food for invigorating the roots. Leaves, grass, sawdust, tanbark, etc., all answer the purpose, but owing to rapid decomposition, they should not be permitted to remain more than a single season. Many kinds of mulch retain a superabundance of moisture, which, however much it may be needed during summer, will prove injurious during the winter months. This is another argument against compact material for mulch. Newly transplanted trees, in all soils and locations, should be mulched; next, partially tender plants, especially those with delicate fibrous roots; then moisture loving species, which are liable to suffer from the effects of high dry winds in winter, and freshly-planted seeds or young seedlings.—Joshua Hoopes, in N. Y. Tribune.

Depth of Draining.

An interesting discussion took place at a meeting of the Ohio Horticultural Society, on the effect of draining on different kinds of fruits. M. T. Thompson, of Cuyahoga county, said he would rather have one foot deep than two feet deep, but the neighbors laughed at him and said the water could not get so far down into the tile. In two or three years he had the best crops in the neighborhood, although the same farmer previously had nearly ruined another man who tried to farm it without draining. C. W. Harris said that one foot of loose ground would hold much more water in reserve than a foot of hard ground. If drained, the soil in the course of time will become loose four feet. "Subsoll your ground," said he, "and it will act like a sponge; if not, it will be like a baked pancake." Mr. N. Ormer said these views were correct, but that there were exceptions in case of muck land (which is all vegetable matter), when used for onion raising, which would be ruined by four feet underdraining, and that two feet in depth

is enough for the onions to do best. Leo Weltz had the same opinion of draining muck land. He said the reason they raised fine bulbs in Holland was because the roots went down to the water in the muck soil.

As for the opinion that the water above cannot get down so far when drains are made four feet deep, it is obviously wrong. Tile drains, it is well known, draw the water a distance of ten or fifteen feet or more, horizontally, on each side, through the soil, and it would be far easier for it to descend but three or four feet directly downwards by its own weight.

At the same meeting Prof. T. H. Burrill stated as a matter of fact, that recorded measurements show that an immense amount of water is thrown into the air by the foliage of plants; that a large, well developed forest tree throws off about 40 barrels of water in one day, sunshiny day. Ten such trees on an acre would give off 400 barrels; but this would be only the twentieth of an inch while bare ground evaporates the tenth of an inch during the same time. But two feet of soil holds half its weight of water, more than plants commonly need, and a deep, mellow, spongy soil will hold it ready to use, while in a hard soil it will do more harm than good.

Irrigation vs. Cultivation.

At the annual meeting of the Ohio horticultural society held at Troy recently, W. J. Green reported an experiment in irrigating half an acre of strawberries. The results were indifferent. He used hydrant water that ran at the rate of six hundred gallons per hour. He found the amount insufficient, however, and the ground being very dry, it all soaked in before it reached the end of the rows, which were thirteen rods long. When ground is very dry it needs a rain equal to one and one-quarter inches, and this is equal to one thousand barrels per acre. At water-works prices this would cost \$7. The weight of this water would equal one hundred two-horse loads. It could be distributed by hose, but it would be a tedious and costly job. By experiments made at the stations in Connecticut and Illinois, it had been shown that stirring the soil on the surface every other day had saved the evaporation of half an inch of water in two weeks. This equals four hundred barrels per acre. Figuring a day's work in cultivating at two and one-half cents, this would make 1,000 barrels of water kept in the soil by the work of a man and horse one day, repeated as often as necessary during the time of fruiting. One inch of water, either saved or applied, would carry a plantation one month, and on the above basis would be about equal to the work of a man and horse for eight days per acre.

The Christmas Rose.

I was greatly surprised on finding my Christmas rose, Heliothis Niger, in bloom the first of September. I do not understand this freak, as it blooms amid the frost and snow of winter. It was carefully lifted and potted, then placed in a cool room, where it has blossomed and put forth nine buds. The blossom is pure white, single, with a large tuft of yellow stamens in the centre. It is two inches in diameter. The leaves are deeply lobed and dark evergreen, very handsome. The flower stems spring directly from the root.

We have seen it stated that the plant continues two or three months in bloom. It is very desirable because of its hardness and adaptability for the Christmas decorations. Heliothis Niger was introduced from Russia in 1596. Some say the name is derived from helein, a poison, and nera, food; others tell us that the name is derived from the River Eleborus, on the banks of which it grows profusely. This last seems the most likely from the similarity of the names. At first we were puzzled by the niger, which represents the species, as that signifies black, and the flower is white. By research we have found that this probably relates to the black roots, and not to the flower. The roots are very thick and knotty; almost black outside but whitish internally. The powdered root has been used as a medicine more than a thousand years. It is said to have a stimulating effect on the liver, and to be useful in the cure of dropsy, epilepsy and chronic skin diseases. In excessive doses it acts as a poison. In Devonshire the people are so superstitious as to believe black heliothis has power to drive away evil spirits from their dwellings, and destroy the power of witches. They blessed their cattle with it to preserve them from evil spells. For this purpose they dug up the plant with religious ceremonies. They would draw a circle around the plant with a sword, then turn to the east and pray to Esculapius for leave to dig up the root. They call it the Winter Rose in Devon, Christward in Germany, and Christmas Rose in England and America. It has been dedicated to St. Agnes, the patroness of purity, because of its whiteness, and in some places it is used to be called the flower of St. Agnes. It is hoped that our florists will bring this flower to the knowledge and availability of the general public by including it in their catalogues. We find it named in only two, with the exception of that of the New York agent for Rosen & Son, of Holland. They describe nearly forty varieties. We will name a few of these magnificent hybrids, originated in the Berlin Botanic Gardens, of which Carl Koch says in the London Gardeners' Chronicle: "I am convinced that at this time of the year there are no more beautiful or more useful plants than these hybrid bell bonas."

Albin Otto, fine formed, pure white flowers, the centre of the petals covered with small red spots form a red star on the white ground.

Frau Irene Hinsman, decidedly the finest and most remarkable hybrid raised till now; flowers of the fine, stately and well above the leaves, often three inches in diameter; color, pale brown and purple rose, with numerous dazzling carmine red spots.

Gretchen Hinemann, large blooms of a bright dark purple and rose color, with carmine streaks; charming leaves, rich and early variety. Gravelloids, yellow. Gutta, pure white with red spots. "One of the most beautiful." Colchicus colchicus, rich scarlet. C. roseus, rose colored.

Our florists import many plants. Why do they not include these rare Christmas roses so that one could order them in such varieties as they wish? They can very easily be made popular.—(Boston Journal)

Horticultural Items.

E. H. Scott says that with a power pump, two men can go over 1,700 trees per day, applying Paris green. He puts on rubber gloves and coat for safety and dryness.

REPORTS from the most important cranberry raising districts indicate a short crop, and prices are high. Last year the Cape Cod crop was 85,500 barrels; this year it is 10,000 or 15,000 barrels short.

A very useful implement, employed to cut out dead blackberry or raspberry canes, is shaped somewhat like a large button hook, with the hook portion flattened and sharpened, the whole being about 20 inches long.

R. M. Kellogg thinks that for packing fruit there should be three grades of ripeness—for home use, for the immediate market, and for the distant market. The same must be considered in connection with apples.

It is thought that before long California currents, grown and cured from the White Corinth grape, which is seedless, will supplant Zante currents in the United States. They are of the same size and appearance, (dit excepted as the Zante currents.

Some of the leading growers of celery at Kalamazoo propose to curtail the area devoted to this crop by at least one-half next year, owing to low prices consequent upon over-production this season. The late crop was badly dwarfed by dry weather, and rates have been too low to be profitable.

F. WELLSHOE, of Fairmount, Leavenworth Co., Kas., claims to be the "apple king" of his State, having 437 acres in orchards, almost one-half, or 213 acres, being set to Ben Davis, and of the residue, 69 acres are in Winesap, 70 of Missouri Pippins, 10 of Jonathan, 16 of Cooper's Early White and 10 of Maiden Blush. This year his crop was 30,000 bushels, or more exact, 29,000 bushels, less 11, which he sold at \$1.80 per bushel. This spring Mr. Wellshe will set 320 acres, and in the spring of 1890 still another tract of 320 acres, making 640 acres in a solid block, principally set to Ben Davis. This will give a total orchard area of 1,677 acres, or, allowing 100 trees to the acre, 167,700 trees.

THE Tacoma, Washington Territory, News of Dec. 15th, 1888, says: Alfred Savage, living a mile east of Walla Walla, yesterday brought in a small branch containing a dozen nice, large apples, upon whose growth, flavor or ripening process the advancement of the season has had no injurious effect. He says they are of the "Genitling" variety, although that name is derived from "Juncos," and is described by Webster as an apple that ripens very early. But, no matter; it is very nice to have apples to pick fresh and sound from the trees at Christmas. Next comes Dr. L. A. Port with a lot of delicious ripe grapes, a second growth this year, from his home garden here in the city, and following him comes a lot of second growth "Golden Sweet" apples gathered in C. P. Chapman's garden on Piety Hill. Verily, this is a wonderful climate.

HENRY THOMAS, the material most in use for tying buds in grafting has been the inner bark of the bass wood, which, after the bark is stripped from the tree in June, and steeped in water a few weeks, separates into strong thin ribbons. Occasionally also a somewhat similar product from Cuba has been in use. More recently, however, a preparation of the leaves of the Rapaia, one of the palms from tropical Africa, has been used in South America, has been coming into use and meeting with decided approval wherever it has been tried. It is long, soft, strong and cheap. One of the correspondents at the recent nurserymen's conventions where it was exhibited, characterized it as being "like corn husks but longer;" it is much stronger, however, and quite as soft as the finest corn husks.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

**A Proclamation, says:**  
"A year ago I had bilious fever; Tutt's Pills were so highly recommended that I used them. Never did medicine have a happier effect. After a practice of a quarter of a century, I proclaim them the best."

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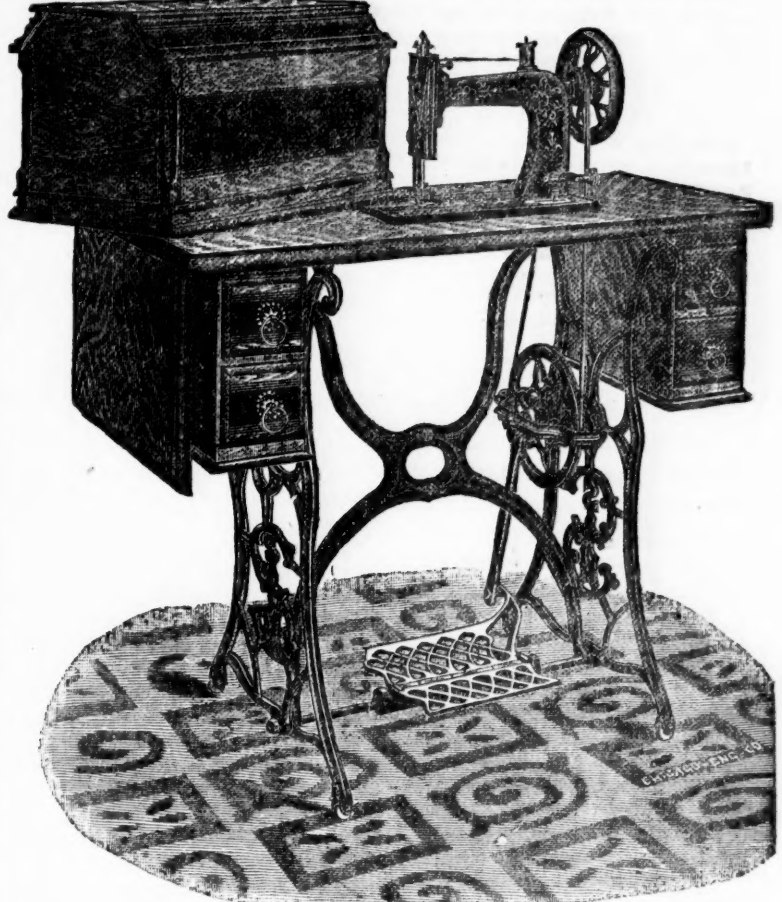
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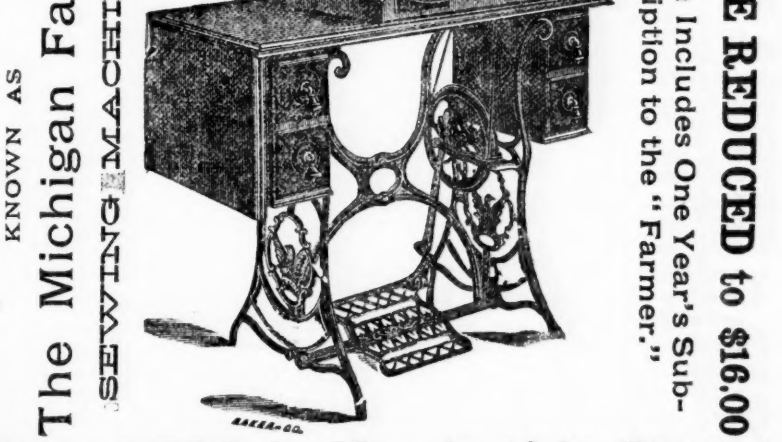
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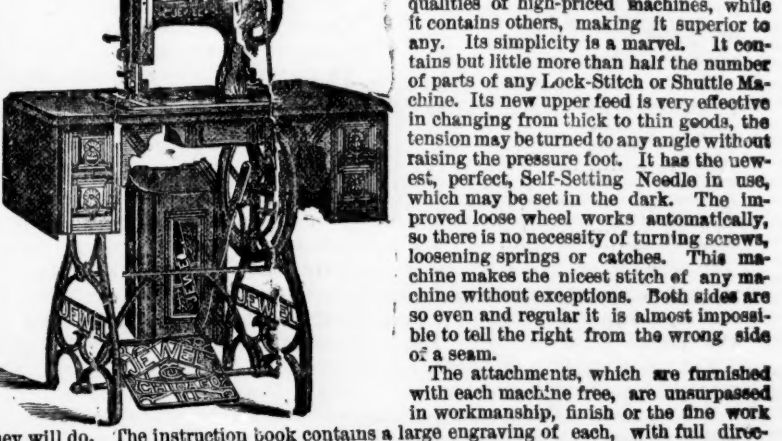
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DETROIT MICH.











## Poetry.

## UNDER THE APPLE TREES.

This is the orchard, here they grow.  
The apple trees in triple row.  
Ah, well I mind the years ago,  
When we were young together.

Now, we're in middle life, we say,  
They show the moss, and I the grey.  
We both have borne, this many a day,  
The wear of time and weather.

They stand it well; this Baldwin, now,  
The red fruit fairly loads the bough—  
Has it forgot, I wonder, how  
I used to dig around it?

Hard work, I thought, and never done,  
And life was made for naught but fun—  
A sad mistake, as, for one,  
Long, long ago have found it.

They p'p'n, standing next, they say,  
Beats apples good the following May!  
Mine one, you'd think 'twould last for aye,  
Though all so fair and yellow.

Such men I've known, pay who has not,  
That harked as they the older got—  
Would shiver, shiver, yes, and rot,  
But ne'er once grow mellow.

Our sweetest's loneliness, as it were;  
The planter knew, what all aver,  
That sou's sorts are juicier—  
"One sweet," quoth he, "is plenty."

I like to feel—this comfort me,  
Who am, at best a crabbed tree—  
That sweet and sour were meant to be  
About as one in twenty.

There's not a branch the orchard through,  
But, green or ripe, full well I knew  
The taste of all that on it grew,  
He in my mouth this minute.

And all is better. Well, who knows  
But life itself, with all its woes,  
Will turn to sour, then at the close,  
No drop of life is it!

So soft the air! A butterfly  
On waving wing goes zig zag by:  
How pleasant on the grass to lie,  
And dream the old dreams over.

And when an apple drops anon,  
Half sad, half glad, my thought runs on—  
Yes, yes, I too shall soon be gone,  
And lie beneath the clover.

But you, my trees, will flourish still,  
And o'er school-boys' pockets bill,  
And bees will hum and sparrows trill,  
And kingbirds call and hover.

—Sue's Companion.

## SEPARATION.

And so we go our way,  
The world is wide,  
And here and there we part our way,  
We go our way.

And far to-morrow  
There are faces new,  
New hands to clasp, new waiting deeds to do,  
All for to-morrow.

And what remains?  
Methinks when face to face  
Two souls have met, though for an instant's  
space,  
Life must take on a tinge of added grace;  
And joy remains.

—H. P. Kimball.

## Miscellaneous.

## "THAT BLESSED OLD MAID."

"There is no other way, Clara. I am the only relative she has left, and we must invite her here for the winter, anyhow. She and John stayed with father and mother while I was roaming here and there. Now they are all gone, Martha's alone, and it's no more than right for me to look out for her for a while. I'll write immediately."

"Yes, Nathan, that is right, I know, but I can't help dreading it. I always had a horror of old maids," and Mrs. Tracy looked nervously around the plain kitchen of the little farm house.

"You needn't be afraid of Martha; she isn't very old, and I venture to say, none of the trying, disagreeable old maids we read of."

In spite of his reassuring words Mrs. Tracy dreaded the arrival of her husband's maiden sister, whom he had not seen since the day he left his New England home to try his fortune in the new west.

But, as Clara soon discovered, there was nothing to fear in the quiet, sad-eyed woman who came to them, whose life had been so full of devotion to others, and of noble self-sacrifice, that there had been no time for growing hard and bitter, because some of life's sweetest blessings had been denied her.

The children, Bert and Mabel and baby Ray, with the merriment of childhood felt the depth of her quiet kindness, and took her at once into their loving little hearts.

Miss Tracy, although wholly unobtrusive, was observant. This, together with the interest she felt in her brother's family, led her, before she had been many weeks an inmate of his house, to make a discovery.

Nathan, in his desire to get on in the world, was missing much that would have made life pleasant. In thinking so constantly of the future, he was losing all the sweetness of the present. That this was affecting the whole family was only too apparent. It was seen in Clara's anxious, weary face, and repeated in a less degree upon the countenances of the children.

There seemed to be no rest for them. No relaxation in the struggle for existence. Nothing to vary the weary monotony of every day labor, which, like some huge Juggernaut, was crushing beneath its wheels all that might have made life pleasant. Martha shrank from interference with the habits of her brother's family; but looking ahead, she saw for them nothing but sorrow and disappointment, and felt that something must be done to save them.

Watching for an opportunity to talk alone with Nathan, she gladly accepted an invitation one morning to ride with him to town. They were rolling rapidly over the level prairie, when Martha broke the silence.

"It is truly exhilarating in this bracing air over these fine roads, especially with so nice a 'rig,' as you call it. The buggy is easy and the horses really fine animals. You must be doing well now, Nathan."

"I suppose I am, Martha; but it has been a hard pull, with losing crops, sickness, etc. We're in debt yet, but with hard work and economy, I guess we can make it in another year."

"Then what will come next?"

"I intend to have a nice large barn and some choice cattle; then I shall build a

good house and prepare to take comfort.

There isn't a better farm than mine for miles around, and I must make the best improvements possible. Then, some day, we'll have the best of everything."

"But who will share it with you?"

"Why, my family, of course!" opening his eyes wide with astonishment.

"All except Clara, you mean," solemnly.

"Why, Martha, how you talk! It is for her I'm working—who else, I'd like to know?"

"Now, Nathan, just take a few plain words from your sister, who means only kindness. I've had experience, and in my judgment, Clara hasn't vitality enough to take her through another year of hard work. I have your interests at heart, and would not needlessly arouse your fears; but I am convinced that your wife is wearing out. She must rest on this constant labor, or your children will soon be motherless."

"Don't, Martha, talk in that way! Clara is as well as usual. She was always slender and delicate. I'd gladly have kept her in ease, but she knew she married a poor man, and was willing to work up." He was a little annoyed.

"I doubt not you have been kind and good to her, and now that she has helped 'work up' so far, I know you will be glad to give her a vacation. You do not realize what it is to care for three children and do all the work that must be done in a farmhouse. She might have been slender when a girl, but not careworn. To-night, if you look at one of her old pictures, you will be convinced I am right."

"Suppose I am; what then?"

"How much would it cost to send her back to Ohio for the winter? I can keep house."

"Simply out of the question. She would not go anyhow, Martha."

"As I thought you didn't know it; but she is as homesick as a child to see her mother and father. She hasn't said so, she never complains, but an unutterable longing lies in her eyes, and quick tears when she speaks of them. Sure of your consent, and my willingness to keep house for her, she would go gladly."

"And you think it would do her good?"

"Undoubtedly, and it would be the cheapest medicine you could give her, and the surest. Think over it a day or so, Nathan."

That evening, Martha was not surprised to see a startled, anxious look on her brother's face, as he closely regarded his wife whenever he thought himself unobserved. Husbands are often the blindest of all persons in regard to their wives, but Nathan was convinced. That night when they were alone, he suddenly exclaimed:

"Clara, how would you like to visit your mother this fall?"

She looked at him a moment in silence, while a wave of crimson swept over her pale face. Then turning away she said, brokenly:

"Don't talk about it, Nat; I know we can't afford it, and I'd rather not speak of it."

"But we can afford it, and Martha is willing to keep house for me. Now, do you want to go, dear?"

There was an unconscious look of pain in his face, and a tone of reproach in his voice which she could not understand.

"Oh, Nathan!" she sobbed, with her face hidden on his shoulder. "don't imagine that I love you any less, or am tired of our little home; but I do want so much to see my father and mother."

"Well, then, you shall go, little wife. Don't cry so. I didn't know you cared so much; but that settles it, you shall go."

After Mrs. Tracy and the baby were gone, Martha looked around the unadorned rooms and resolved there should be something new, something bright and pretty to welcome back the housekeeper. The "front room" had never been furnished, but after considering her resources, Martha thought she could manage it if she could persuade Nathan into buying a carpet.

"A carpet? Why, Martha," he exclaimed at her proposal, too astonished to say more.

"What was Clara's old home like? You don't want her to notice too sharp a contrast on her return," said the sister, quietly.

"I may get a new carpet," thoughtfully; "but so many things would have to follow."

"Nat, when father and mother died, we were going to divide the things, but you had no home then, and while John and I stayed, everything remained the same. When I came here I sold or picked every thing, and there is a big box for you, which is on its way out here. Besides bedding and clothing, there are pictures, curtains, vases, a table-spread, and some of mother's nice rugs. They will help to furnish the room. I guess you can afford to buy a cane-seat rocker and two chairs, and we'll make the rest."

"I would like to know how."

"There are two bottomless chairs in the granary. I will chop the chairs, cushion seat and back, and with stripes of embroidery and heavy fringe they will be handsome. The old rocker which is forever coming to pieces can be mended and treated likewise, minus the rockers, and you'll have an easy chair. A pine table, which you can make, stained and varnished, and covered with the spread, will do nicely."

"Well, it sounds practicable. I'll help all I can."

"There will be ottomans to make, a mantle to put up, and a cornice for the curtains. It will take all our spare time all winter, but how pleased Clara will be."

"I intend to have everything nice for her some day."

"Yes, Nat; but a woman must have something to live on in the meantime. There's a love of the beautiful in every woman's heart, and it must be satisfied. If surrounded by grand scenery, the mind can feed on that; but here, in this level, monotonous country, I believe the homes should be very bright and attractive."

"There may be some truth in that but I never thought of it before," replied Nathan.

"It is not common for the man to think about the home as a woman does, for he mingles with the world, while most of her hours are spent inside the four walls. Clara had no time to fix up anything; the baby was a sight of trouble; but if you and the children help, we can do wonders."

And they did. When Clara came home four months later she scarcely knew the place.

"Come and look at your wife," whispered Martha, when Nathan had finished

his chores and was ready for a happy evening.

There she was in the pretty room, chatting with the children. Joy and gladness shone through her face, which had lost its sharpness and pallor, and there was an elasticity in her movements which recalled her girlhood.

"She looks ten years younger, Martha; and if I can help it she shall never work so again. You've taught me a lesson I'll not forget. We'll take all the comfort we can now, if we never get a big house."

"Martha has made it so pretty that we shan't want another," exclaimed Clara, hearing his last remark as they entered the room. "I'm so thankful to you for all this pleasant home-coming."

"Martha deserves the thanks, for she planned it all," said Nathan, catching up the baby.

"You are a jewel, Martha; and to think I was afraid of you and dreaded to have you come."

"Was that because you knew I was an old maid?" said Martha, laughing.

"Yes, that's just it. I didn't know you, say, that you were such a 'blessed old maid.'"—The Hearthstone.

## The Libby Tunnel.

The *National Tribune*, of Washington, publishes a very interesting account by Gen. E. Rose, of Pittsburg, who engineered the escape of Union prisoners from Libby prison through the tunnel famed in the history of the war. We make a brief extract from Gen. Rose's narrative:

Captain A. G. Hamilton, Twelfth Kentucky Cavalry (afterwards promoted), and myself began the tunnel scheme in the eastern cellar of the prison shortly after my arrival there, October 1, 1863. We continued our work for a few days when we were compelled to suspend it by reason of the shifting of the prisoners to different rooms; also, the tearing down of the stairways, walling up doors, etc., which continued for two or three weeks. During this time Hamilton and myself cut our way down into the carpenter shop, out of which we prepared to make a dash for liberty.

A party of us then went down into the shop for this purpose on more than one occasion, but the unexpected shifting of the prison guard prevented the attempt. This party at that time consisted of Hamilton, Fitzsimmons, McDonald, Lucas and myself. The shop continued to be a reconnoitering ground for some time, and a large party, consisting of seventy men, was organized to operate from this place; the object being to overpower the guard and break away whenever the near approach of raiding parties of our own troops or other circumstances would render this plan of escape practicable. At length the shifting of the prisoners ceased, and the work of the prison officials seemed finished. Then Hamilton and myself again turned our attention to the tunnel project; but we were now cut off from the eastern cellar, the only place from which a tunnel could be made with success, for the reason that it was the only place where we could conceal the dirt, and where we could work without interruption for several hours at a time. The hospital and the hospital office were alongside of it. We had access to the dining-room, which, fortunately, was seldom visited by any one at night. It was from this place that we cut into the carpenter shop directly underneath, and we could cut through the carpenter shop wall into the cellar, but the hole in the wall could not be concealed. We could cut through the dining-room wall into the hospital, then through the hospital floor into the cellar, but this plan would not do, for many reasons.

We therefore resorted to a device, the execution of which has never been surpassed for care and skill, when it is considered that instruments little better than pocket-knives were used. We went to the chimney, between the dining-room and hospital, close to the dining-room door, where the rebel sentinel stood. In the first place of this chimney was a large amount of soot and ashes. In front of the fireplace were some stoves. We shifted the stove a little, removed the soot and ashes from the fireplace and placed them in a gum blanket. A hole was then cut in the back wall just far enough not to make an opening into the hospital; then straight down through the wall to below the hospital floor, and just wide enough not to make an opening into the carpenter shop; then straight out under the hospital floor into the cellar, making a hole through the entire wall—somewhat in form of the letter S—from the dining-room into the cellar, large enough to admit the passage of a man. The material was so cut that after the hole was completed it could be replaced and removed at will, and not a vestige of the work be seen when the material was replaced and the soot thrown back. For the careful execution of this ingenious work the credit is due entirely to Hamilton.

We now went down into the cellar by means of a strong rope, which was afterwards made into a rope-ladder, and recommenced the work which we had begun several weeks before. There was no more very ingenious work to be done after we made our way back again into the eastern cellar, but there was a great deal of hard work before us. Three holes were cut through the heavy foundation wall on the eastern side of the cellar before a place was found where the dirt was firm enough to support the tunnel. We were now so much more secure from interruption and discovery that I determined to organize a party of workmen. The great readiness that had been shown by the prisoners to engage in the other adventures led me to suppose that there would be little difficulty in organizing a party that would push the work through in a very few days. Four men could be on duty at one time—one to dig, one to fan fresh air into the tunnel, one to draw the dirt back and deposit it, and one to stand guard near the rebel sentinel and give the danger signal. A party of fifteen was therefore sufficient to be divided into three reliefs, each to work one night and have two nights' rest, and still have superabundant in case of sickness or accident.

Fifteen men, therefore, including Hamilton and myself, were selected to compose this party. I found more difficulties with this arrangement than I had anticipated. The men were totally unused to the circumstances. The profound darkness of the

place caused some of them to become bewildered when they attempted to move about, and, as absolute silence had to be observed, they could not find their way to places where they were needed, or even find their way out of the cellar, and what was worse, as the cellar was very large and no one must speak above a whisper, it was a great difficulty to find them. I sometimes had to feel all over the cellar to gather up the men that were lost. The indescribably bad odor and impure atmosphere of the cellar made some of them sick. The uncomfortable positions in which they had to work amid crawling rats—the cellar was called the rat hole—was unendurable to some. To the unrelucting the scheme seemed impracticable as soon as the first burst of enthusiasm was over. The work did not progress as I thought it should. In a very short time this party was disbanded and Hamilton and myself continued our dreary work alone, as before, for many nights. Every day added to our experience, and I resolved to organize the working party anew. The same men that composed the first working party, as nearly as practicable, were assembled, and, taking advantage of acquired experience, the party was reorganized with great care. A few of those who composed the first party, from sickness or other cause, were not available, and new men were selected to fill their places. The party was divided into three permanent reliefs, as before, and no man was permitted to do but one kind of work. If he was not an expert at the kind of work assigned to him, he was enjoined upon to become so as quickly as possible. This party now worked with energy and system, and, although their work progressed very slowly at first, it increased every night, and in seventeen nights the tunnel was completed from the cellar to the shed in the yard on the west side of the warehouse, from which the escape of the prisoners was easily made.

Farm Journals in the Forties and Now.

Hon. D. D. T. Moore, in the December number of the *American Agriculturist*, has a very readable resume of the farm journals of forty years ago, from which we make the following extracts:

The agricultural journals published in this country during the decade ending with 1850 were quite different from those of today, not only in size and appearance but in contents and circulation. The number of periodicals devoted to rural husbandry, gardening, etc., was quite limited, for agricultural literature was then in its infancy on this continent. Early in the decade just mentioned—say in 1843, when the writer became connected with the press—all our agricultural journals of prominence which are still continued could almost be counted on one's fingers, while but few rural books were issued, and a large proportion of those bearing American imprints were of foreign origin—largely imprints or re-issues of English works. Although I am unable to give exact figures, it is safe to assert that there are twenty times as many agricultural journals now published in the United States as there were forty-five years ago, with as great an increase in the circulation as in the publications, while the production of books on rural subjects has been largely augmented, and the character and style of the works vastly improved.

Taking them in order of their age (I write from memory), the principal American agricultural journals published in the forties may be named as follows: *The Cultivator*, Albany, N. Y.; *Genesee Farmer*, Rochester, N. Y.; *New England Farmer*, Boston, U.S.A.; *Massachusetts Ploughman*, Boston, Mass.; *Maine Farmer*, Augusta, Me.; *Pennsylvania Cultivator*, Philadelphia, Pa.; *Pennsylvania Monthly Visitor*, Concord, N. H.; *Southern Planter*, Richmond, Va.; *Prairie Farmer*, Chicago, Ill.; *American Agriculturist*, New York; *Southern Cultivator*, Augusta (now at Atlanta), Ga.; *Michigan Farmer*, Jackson and Detroit; *Indiana Farmer and Gardener*, Indianapolis; *Central New York Farmer*, Rome; and *British American Cultivator*, Canada. Most of these journals are still published, greatly enlarged in size and improved in contents and appearance, with vastly increased circulations.

Among other rural publications issued in the decade from 1840 to 1850 were the first eight volumes of the *American Agriculturist* (1842 to 1849, inclusive), the first two volumes of the *MICHIGAN FARMER* (1843 and 1844), and copies of the *Genesee Farmer* from 1846 to 1849, inclusive. The latter is not now in existence by name, having long since been merged into the *American Agriculturist*; but the two former are still published, and I have just spent an hour or two in comparing their early issues with those of recent date. The contrast in all respects is great, notably in size and appearance, and shows wonderful progress and improvement in the arts of printing and engraving.

So far as I am aware only five persons who were agricultural editors forty or more years ago are still living and active. These are: A. B. Allen, who founded the *American Agriculturist* in 1842, edited it for fourteen years, and is still an occasional contributor to its pages. Though now nearly sixty years of age, he is a vigorous and industrious writer. Venerable and venerated, he is residing on his farm at Toms River, N. J. Dr. Daniel Lea, who was associated with the writer of this article in editing the *Genesee Farmer*, and subsequently was for some years editor of the *Southern Cultivator* (later a Professor of Agriculture in the University of Georgia), to which he is still a contributor. Dr. Lea is about the same age as A. B. Allen and resides in Tennessee. S. J. Ambrose Wight, who was the first and for many years the editor of the *Prairie Farmer* (founded in 1841), and, in connection with his publisher, John S. Wright, made the journal a great success, is now an able and popular clergyman (and with a D. D.) at Bay City, Mich. A. John J. Thomas, who was the associate editor of *The Cultivator*, monthly, in the forties, now occupies the same position on the weekly successor of that journal, *The Cultivator and Country Gentleman*. Mr. Thomas is an expert pomologist and author of *The American Fruit Culturist*. D. D. T. Moore, who founded the *MICHIGAN FARMER* in 1843 and edited it for two years, conducted the *Genesee Farmer* four years (1848-47), and founded *Moore's Rural New Yorker* in 1850, which he edited for over a quarter of a cen-

tury. He is now contributing regularly on rural topics to two weeklies and occasionally to several other journals.

English vs. American Girls.

A letter from London to the *N. Y. Times* says, comparing the girls of the old country and the new:

That Englishmen from the Prince of Wales down should like the American girl is natural. She is something that they do not get at home. The English girl is as different a creature as can easily be imagined. As a girl she is an amiable blank and an absolute failure. A great many social philosophers from Aristotle to Little Johnny have vainly endeavored to determine what girls were made for, and the English girl as she appears to-day makes the question a vital one. Her only apparent purpose in life is in the first place to be healthy and in some cases to giggle. Giggle is one of the fine arts, and when well she helps out a halting conversation admirably, but the English girl does not converse. She is extremely good, and it is a human fact over which Mr. Satan is perpetually chuckling that good people are very apt to be stupid.

In a charming family on Kensington way there are eight daughters. It is still fashionable to have children in England, the people being less advanced than some social circles in America, and in this particular family all the offspring have been girls. They range in age from twenty-eight to twelve. The elder ones have already carried the threat into effect. When their mother, also tall and thin, ushers her blushing troop into Prince's Hall in Piccadilly, where they go to dance, she rises like a single oaken stem in a fresh and vernal forest of shoulderblades. They all look alike and act alike. They also talk alike when they talk, but that is not often. An idea would give them the headache. Their conversational equipment consists of "yes," in several modulations and "really!" this latter being accompanied by an expression which is confidently supposed to be coquettish. They have all been educated in exactly the same way by the same governess. Education is a very cut-and-dried commodity in England, and might be set by the yard or the pound. One of them remarked that they had all been as far as logarithms in Algebra, and asked me if I liked logarithms. I think that if it was properly domesticated I should like one but not more. I told her so, and she seemed a little surprised. Her next remark was to the effect that logarithms were not animals but calculations. This being a matter of news, she explained it at some length. It is easy to admire these young ladies, for they are all modest, kind-hearted and sincere, but after admiring one of them for an hour or two, the desire to build a fire under her to see if she would say anything is not as entirely sinful as it seems.

To see the two girls—English and American—dancing a polka is to see all the differences between them emphasized. The American girl is a nervous creature. She is as excitable as a thoroughbred mare. When she dances, her eyes sparkle, her cheek flushes, her face is lighted up, and every nerve is in tension in the thrill of music and motion. Life is a living, panting reality just then. The English girl, on the contrary, does not alter her amiable torpidity in the least. She does not smile. She is as grave as ever. As she turns solemnly around she might, as far as her expression goes, be reading an invisible volume of sermons. She has not a vestige of abandon and so dances angularly. The English foot is large. She does not dance; she trots. Dancing is not a delight; it is an exercise. It belongs not in the domain of art but of calisthenics. She is a stately column of marble margo on a rotary pedestal, and seems to have just as much of feeling as that tasteless luxury has of flavor.

In society, which she enters at eighteen or nineteen or later, her manner with strangers is rigid to the degree of austerity. This is due partly to shyness and partly to that worship of propriety which the English governess and the English boarding-school mistress devote their entire energy to inculcating. The American girl with her grace, quickness, *esprit-faire*, knowledge of herself, of the world, and of men is as different from her English sister as Mr. Pygmalion's sentimental lady friend from Galatea's statue. There is an individuality in her conversation and manner and in the way in which she wears her clothes. She can walk, flirt and take care of herself under all circumstances. The fact is that she is thoroughly wide awake while the English girl is slumbering.

The English girl is slumbering. She marries somewhere between twenty-one and twenty-six, and makes the best of mothers. All the ills of matrimony she bears with perfect ease, her muscles being firm, her nerves unshaken, and her brain quiet. Stupidity is a blessing under certain circumstances, and when a woman is too brainy, that quality is likely to be conspicuously absent in her children. She devotes herself to her family and her home. The home life in England is as delightful as it is unique. The extent to which the people can get interested in each other, in their children, and in their home to the exclusion of everything else on earth would be surprising in the country of divorce. After half a dozen years of matrimony the English girl begins to be somewhat interesting as a talker. A shrewd international observer said the other night that the English girl of eighteen compared mentally with the American girl of twelve, while the American girl of eighteen was represented in English society only by the young married woman. About the time that she becomes a grandmother the English girl, mentally, becomes thoroughly awake.

How to Keep Brass Bright.

One lives and learns. The other day I was calling upon a friend who is surrounded by evidences of old and successful researches among bric-a-brac shops at home and abroad, and I remarked the number of brass and copper articles about the place—a Russian samovar, a Dutch milk can, beer mugs, candelabra, lanterns, etc., etc.—and I also remarked that they were in the highest state of polish and shone like the sun on an October morning. "How do you keep your brasses in such beautiful condition?" It must keep one person busy all the time," said I. "It keeps no person busy any time," she replied, jocosely. The housekeeper was passing through the hall at that

moment, and she halted here. "How long since these brasses were polished, Mrs.?" she said. The housekeeper stopped a moment and thought. She is a conservative woman, and wished to be accurate. "Just two years and half ago," was the reply.

Then it was explained to me that every "polishable" article that came into the house was at once sent out to a brass founder's and given a coat of lacquer. After that they required no polishing, only dusting, the same as any other piece of bric-a-brac. I thought of the weary hours my maid had spent in rubbing up my brass and copper pieces, and still they never looked brighter more than a day or two. I got the brass founder's address and made up a bag of brass candlesticks, plated candelabra, coasters, copper tea kettles, coffee pots and the like, that looked very much like a collection of booty from a pawn shop, and sent it off to that brass founder just as fast as messenger could take it.—(Cor. Boston Gazette.)

A Georgia Country Editor Who is Very Like the President Elect.

The editor of this paper takes pride in noting the following points of resemblance between himself and the gentleman who is to be our next President:

"He wears a 7½ hat. So do we, of the vintage of the summer of '87."

"He wears a 6½ shoe and can wear a six. We wear slippers—odd numbers, one a five and the other a 6½—but would compromise on a six if it was a good wearer. He has a bunion on the right foot and no corns. There's where we differ from a him. We sport corns on both feet, and a sore on our heel where the ventilation was placed in our sock."

"His neck measure is 16½. Don't say whether inches or feet, perpendicular or circumference. If either inches or feet up and down he beats us to the tank. If it means circumference, we repeat what we have said before, that he is a sort of bull-necked old structure, anyhow, and we are not built that way."

"He wears open front shirts at \$37 a dozen. We wear them open front and rear—especially rear—and if we ever own a dozen we'll pay the price and ask no questions."

"He seldom carries a silk, but usually a linen handkerchief. We carry none at all, but we wipe our tears away on our coat sleeves just the same."

"He keeps one horse. We have a neighbor who keeps one, but he keeps it awful close. Perhaps he knows best."

"He smokes small cigars and does not smoke to excess. Small are the cigars we smoke, and if ever we smoked ones to excess we are not aware of it."

"His whiskers are getting gray. Ours will get that way. Only a question of time. He uses bay rum on his hair and no oil. We use common water week days and neatfoot oil Sundays."

"He is fond of baseball. So are we, at a safe distance. But there is one thing, he certainly made a base hit this time."

"His chest measure is thirty-seven, his waist forty-two. Ours fluctuates, and we have not figured it out the average. He has a good deal of stomach, and we have a pretty good one, too, but it is patient and long suffering."

"He weighs 180 and appears to be five feet seven and a half. Well, there are times when we feel ten feet high and weigh a ton, but not ordinarily."

"He does not fancy jewelry. Neither do we. It is money thrown away, and our preacher denounces the custom of wearing it. Another thing, we never could endure a \$40 saddle and a \$30 horse."

"He wears high buttoned coats, and seldom arrays himself in suits of one piece. That is our way precisely. High buttoned coats tell no tales, and suits of different pieces are extremely convenient."

"He reads for recreation. Is fond of Scott, Eliot and Thackeray. We read for the recreation of clipping from our exchanges,







